

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Still Slippin"

They slippin Duke

You slippin Duke, you trippin Duke  
Rememeber you still livin in a corporate chicken coop  
With a hundred other chickens yellin get that loot  
Makin a hundred other chickens tryin to spit what's cute  
But KRS spits the fruit  
My words are not hollow, I'll lead you out the chicken suit  
You slippin Duke, I got proof, spit truth in the club  
So the colleges man, we get so loose  
What's the use, you slippin Duke, how America great  
when Iraq, had no nukes, now OOPS  
Whatever happened to samples and loops?  
The same thing that happened to organs and flutes, and real artists  
Thank God for The Roots, the soldier that's home with his family  
Support for the troops yeah, now let's start this  
I've taught many groups, been through many suits  
Teachin new recruits that can't take it back to hula hoops  
I know we're on mute, stand up straight  
I'm like Skywalker without the loot, you slippin Duke

*[scratch:]* "At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker"

YEAHH!

Talk your talk, degrade my character  
Your remarks are amateur, the future laughs at ya  
I got much stamina, and I know my facts  
I am hip-hop, I don't speak for blacks  
I speak for hip-hop's preservation, and only that  
Peace love unity, I'm known for that  
What's your hassle with me man, no man is ownin me  
You just mad cause I lead hip-hop globally  
Your hassle is that, I'm an international cat  
You know in any debate, I'm smashin your crap  
When it comes to hip-hop, you behind  
Cause I've been organizin this politically since 1989  
I stay selective, the objective peace of mind  
I am hip-hop and so are you don't be so blind  
Use the key next time, you know my roots  
But listen dog you slippin Duke!

*[scratch:]* "You wanna hear a fresh rhyme, you'll come to the source"

*[scratch:]* "Stamp BDP on your head then you're off"

*[scratch:]* "At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker"

*[scratch:]* "Do not attempt to diss cause you're soft"

